

## Hopkinsville Kentuckian

Published Every Other Day,  
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MORNINGS, BY  
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

## Democratic Ticket.

State Senator—R. M. Salmon.  
Representative—J. C. Duffy,  
County Judge—Walter Knight,  
County Clerk—Lucian J. Harris, Jr.,  
County Attorney—Ira D. Smith,  
Sheriff—Jewell W. Smith,  
Assessor—W. J. McGee,  
Jailer—A. E. Mullins,  
School Supt.—L. E. Foster,  
Coroner—J. H. Rice.

## MAGISTRATES.

District No. 2—J. M. Morris.  
" " 3—Sylvester Reese.  
" " 4—W. W. Garrett.  
" " 5—L. D. Rogers.  
" " 6—C. L. Dade.  
" " 7—J. W. Cox.  
" " 8—C. W. Lyle.

## CONSTABLES.

District No. 2—T. S. Winfree.  
" " 3—J. F. Adcock.  
" " 4—L. W. Means.  
" " 5—C. L. Hight.

## COUNCILMEN.

First Ward—Chas. J. Gee.  
Second Ward—S. G. Buckner.  
Third Ward—J. A. Southall.  
Fourth Ward—G. W. Carliss.  
Sixth Ward—R. M. Woodbridge.  
Seventh Ward—Bailey Russell.

Caleb Powers will not run for  
Congress again.

Jack J. Quinn, aged 98, the oldest  
man in Henderson county, died at  
Corydon.

Huerta has agreed not to be a  
candidate for election in the presi-  
dential race in Mexico. If Diaz will  
do the same, peace will be in sight.

It is feared that many lives have  
been lost on the island off the North  
Carolina coast, by a tidal wave.  
Some of the coast towns have suffer-  
ed great losses.

Eleven aviators have been killed in  
the army and navy service since ex-  
periments were started with heavier-  
than-air machines in 1908—ten in the  
army and one in the navy. In avia-  
tion the world over, 135 persons have  
been killed since 1908, 114 during  
the present year.

Joe Bush, of Evansville, got mad  
at his bride of four weeks and en-  
listed in the army under a fictitious  
name. Mrs. Joe was at the train  
and caused him to miss his train by  
hanging around his neck. She then  
tore up his enlistment papers and  
they left the station arm in arm.  
Uncle Sam is yet to be heard from.

The Farmers Union in session at  
Salina, Kan., advised farmers of the  
South to hold their cotton for 15  
cents a pound, three cents advance  
over the present price. The mini-  
mum price of cotton seed to be \$30  
instead of \$26 a ton. At this rate  
every calico address will soon have  
to be worn with both a hobble and a  
slit, to save the cloth.

Mrs. Chas. Lanning, of Burling-  
ton, N. J., appeared on the beach  
front at Atlantic City clad in a bat-  
ting suit consisting of purple tights  
and a skirt cut very short and slit  
clear to the waist. It is needless to  
say that she created a sensation.  
She was accompanied by a poodle  
dog clad about as elaborately as its  
mistress, wearing a purple ribbon  
around its neck. The whole vicinity  
was congested with people who  
crowded around the woman and the  
dog, the woman attracting more at-  
tention than the poodle. In the  
midst of the excitement she fainted  
and was picked up by a policeman,  
bolder than the rest. Harry Som-  
mers, of Elizabethtown, Ky., who  
is a frequent visitor to Atlantic  
City, happened not to be present  
that day.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the  
cough and headache and works off the cold.  
Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.  
H. W. GROVE'S signature on each box, 25c.

## Preferred Locals.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting  
building and general repair work of  
all kinds. Phone 476.  
Advertisement.

School boarders wanted. Con-  
venient to High School. Inquire at  
701 East 18th st.

MRS. PAUL I. WINN.  
Advertisement.

## Notice To Tax Payers.

The tax books are now ready and  
taxes are due. Pay now and avoid  
the penalty.

LOWE JOHNSON, S. C. C.  
Advertisement.

## For Sale.

One good second hand, 4 H. P.,  
horizontal International gasoline en-  
gine, in good running order, at a  
bargain.

PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.  
Incorporated.  
Advertisement.

## NOTICE.

Those who will take one or more  
boarders during Fair Week will  
please telephone 149 or see Ben O.  
McReynolds.

## Office

GIANT INSURANCE AGENCY  
Over  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.  
Advertisement.

## Farm For Sale!

Buy Dr. T. P. Allen's farm if you  
want a nice country home. It is for  
sale and he will sell to suit purchas-  
er. It is well located and in a good  
neighborhood; contains 90 acres, 7  
in timber, 2 in black locust, 12 in 7  
year apple orchard, two good tenant  
houses, new stable and barn, 1 good  
well and cistern, two ponds; all un-  
der good fence. 1-4 mile south of  
Salem Baptist church, 1-2 mile west  
of St. Elmo school. Outlet front  
and back on public road.

DR. T. P. ALLEN,  
Pembroke, Ky.  
Advertisement.

## Growing in Favor.

The water from the well located  
on the farm of Luther H. Smithson,  
near Church Hill, is growing in favor  
every day. The most obstinate  
cases of indigestion, constipation  
and stomach trouble are yielding  
to the medical qualities of this  
water by a few days use. Prob-  
ably half the people who say they  
have "heart trouble" have nothing  
but indigestion, sometimes mani-  
festly in an acute form. Try the  
water from Mr. Smithson's well for  
for a few days and test its virtues  
for yourself. He delivers it your  
home at 12 1/2 cents a gallon.

Among the many who are using it  
with beneficial effects we mention:  
Flem Clardy, Muncey Moss, Roy  
Kenner, Gus Breathitt, Jno. C. Hooe,  
I. W. Lander, Rev. E. W. Barnett,  
Del. Henderson, John C. Gary.  
See them. Telephone Coates' drug  
store or call 633, 5 rings.  
Advertisement.

## Unusual Offer To Our Readers.

For a limited time, and subject to  
withdrawal after 30 days, the well-  
known publishing house of the J. B.  
Lippincott Company, Philadelphia,  
founded in 1792, offers to the readers  
of this paper a 12 months' subscrip-  
tion to "Lippincott's Magazine" and  
a year's subscription to the Kentuck-  
ian, both for \$3.00. This is the price  
of a twelve months' subscription to  
"Lippincott's" alone. Additional to  
obtaining every issue of this paper  
for a year, our readers will receive  
in "Lippincott's," 12 great complete  
novels by popular authors, 105 short  
stories, crisp, entertaining, original;  
45 timely articles from the pens of  
masters, and each month some ex-  
cellent poems with the right senti-  
ment, and "Walnuts and Wine,"  
the most popular humor section in  
America. To obtain this extraordi-  
nary offer prompt action is necessary.  
Remit to J. B. Lippincott Company,  
Washington Square, Phila., Pa.

## DELORME'S OUTING

He Went Prowling Around for  
Treasures and Found  
One.

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

"And be sure to call upon Claudia  
Morey," admonished Ella Delorme, as  
her brother's touring car swept away  
from the house. "I've written to  
her—"

Harry Delorme did not hear the  
remainder of the sentence. He waved  
his hand in farewell and applied him-  
self to guiding the machine carefully  
through the suburban streets until  
he reached the open country.

Here he speeded blissfully along  
the well-oiled highway in pleasant an-  
ticipation of a two-weeks' tour of old  
New England villages. Delorme was  
something of a china collector and his  
vacations were usually spent in  
leisurely prowls after treasures for  
his constantly increasing cabinets.

"When am I going to stop collect-  
ing?" he would ask his critical friends  
who warned him of the expense of  
riding his hobby with such enthusi-  
asm. "When am I going to stop—"  
oh, when I get married. Of course I  
couldn't afford to do both.

"Get married," sniffed the friends  
incredulously, "why Delorme would  
rather look at a Delft bowl this very  
instant. He wasn't thinking about  
Claudia Morey who was a school  
friend of Ella's and who lived in the  
quaintest of all the New England  
villages which he was to visit. He  
had never seen Claudia, but he pic-  
tured her as a tall, statuesque young  
woman with pale blonde hair, regular  
features, a Bostonese manner of icy  
perfection, and a New England con-  
science. All of which goes to show  
that Harry knew more about Delft  
than he did about women—or about  
the New England conscience which is  
merely a dearly loved superstition  
and no longer exists in fact.

The roads were fine, the car ran  
without friction, the weather was per-  
fect, constables were few and far be-  
tween and life was very sweet to  
Harry Delorme as he drove through  
New England.

He left the village of Old Pond with  
a feeling of gratitude to that ancient  
place, for here he had found a gold-  
luster pitcher and he was on the  
trail of a Lafayette platter and an  
Apostle pitcher.

"You'll find 'em in Cadham," said  
the old lady who had sold him the  
luster pitcher. "My sister lives next  
door no Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Bruce  
has got no end of truck that's only  
fit for the junk man! I'd rather have  
three dollars than that old pitcher  
you've got, young man—so we're both  
satisfied. Yes, Cadham's first turn to  
the left after you pass the bridge."

So Harry Delorme took the first  
turn to the left after he passed the  
end of the long covered bridge that  
spanned the river at this point. He  
had learned that by passing through  
Cadham he would reach Wynham and  
that was the place where Claudia  
Morey lived. He was glad that he  
could prow around Cadham before  
calling on Miss Morey. He didn't  
want to talk about Browning just at  
present.

Cadham was a fascinating place of  
old-fashioned houses set back from  
the street in ample dooryards. Once  
or twice he stopped and inquired for  
the Bruce place and in every instance  
he was directed to the other end of  
the village where he found it at last.  
A long, low, white-painted house of  
many gables, set on a hill in the  
midst of well kept lawns.

It was a quiet midsummer afternoon  
and the place seemed deserted save  
for a young girl swinging beneath an  
embowering apple tree. She wore a  
checked gingham dress of blue and  
white and a blue and white sunbon-  
net and down her back there hung a  
thick braid of hair.

It was a charmingly pretty little  
face that looked at him out of the  
depths of the sunbonnet—dark and  
placid, scarlet-lipped, creamy-  
skinned with great lustrous eyes soft-  
ened by curling black lashes.

"Make a handsome woman, by  
jove," muttered Harry as he brought  
his car to a standstill on the drive-  
way beside the apple tree. He swept  
off his hat and turned toward her.

"Good afternoon," he said politely.  
"I wonder if this is Mrs. Bruce's  
place?"

"Yes, it is," answered the girl  
sweetly, as she brought the swing to  
a standstill.

"Is she at home?"  
"No, she has gone over to Wynham.  
Can I do anything for you?"

Delorme smiled down at the diminutive  
form looking at him from serious  
eyes.  
"No thank you. I suppose I may  
wait awhile?"

The little girl's face turned very  
pink and she seemed to be struggling  
with several emotions—perhaps in-  
dignation—or was it amusement?  
Delorme never knew.

"Why, yes, I'm sure grandma has  
no objection," she said shyly.  
"Thank you, I presume she will be  
home soon?"  
"Oh, yes, within an hour or two.  
Would you—would you like some root  
beer?" she asked politely, hesitating  
just as any shy little girl would in  
proffering refreshments to a strange  
man.

"That's mighty kind of you and  
root beer would taste just right,"  
accepted Harry heartily as he ran his  
car around to an out-of-the-way place  
near the house. "I'll try your swing  
if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind—help yourself."

she said as she skipped toward the  
house.

Once inside the house she peeped  
at him through the shutters and took  
from her pocket a letter written in  
splashing black characters. She read  
a paragraph from the letter and looked  
once more at the smartly dressed  
motorist who was swinging enjoy-  
ably in her swing.

"Don't expect Harry to take any  
notice of you," read the paragraph.  
"He is the rudest thing where girls  
are concerned; but if you were a  
Hampshire bowl or a two-eared  
ug or an old clock, why he would  
just fall down and worship you."

"Hum!" breathed the little girl as  
she put the letter away and went  
down cellar after the root beer.

When she approached Harry across  
the lawn he stopped the swing and  
looked at her with widening eyes of  
appreciation. What he saw was a  
small girl in blue gingham, hatless,  
with black hair parted in the middle  
and softly framing an exquisitely  
lined face. For the moment, Harry  
did not notice that the little girl car-  
ried an old Sheffield tray on which  
was a bottle of home-made root beer  
misty with the cellar coolness; a  
small glass of crystal clearness and a  
Lafayette platter on which were  
some crisp ginger cookies.

He could not take his eyes from the  
girl's face. Girls had never looked  
like that before—no girl he had ever  
seen had been so beautiful. He  
stopped under the reproachful glance  
she cast at him and he took the tray  
and set it down on the rustic table  
built against the tree.

"You are very kind—the tray is too  
heavy for you to carry," he said.  
"Here is your swing—shall I take  
he chair?"

"As you like, sir, I shall sit on the  
grass," she said demurely as she did  
so.

Delorme looked at her with a puz-  
zled frown. "How old are you, little  
girl?" he asked bluntly.

She flushed again and hesitated.  
"I'd rather not tell, sir," she said at  
last, plaiting the end of her hair rib-  
bon with little sun-brown fingers.

"Well, I can guess," ventured De-  
lorme seriously; "you can't be more  
than thirteen—well, I'll wait six  
years," he added in a musing tone,  
staring away at the distant moun-  
tains.

She looked up startled. "What do  
you mean, sir?" she asked in a dis-  
pleased tone.

"I beg your pardon," he said sin-  
cerely, "I was thinking out loud—a  
bad habit of mine. I have seen some-  
thing that I have looked for all my  
life and I find that I must wait six  
years before I venture to try to pos-  
sess it. Now, let us talk about dolls  
while I taste your root beer."

"Are you fond of dolls?" asked the  
maiden demurely.

Before Delorme could answer this  
question a carriage drove swiftly into  
the yard and paused beside the apple  
tree.

In the carriage sat a white-haired  
old lady who looked pleasantly at De-  
lorme while she called to the little  
girl:

"Claudia Morey! How many times  
have I told you that if you put on  
that little girl dress of yours you  
would surely be caught unawares!"

"I know it, grandma," said Claudia  
demurely, "but it does make me feel  
like old times to come down here and  
visit you and pretend that I'm a lit-  
tle girl again. By the way, grandma,  
let me present Mr. Delorme, Ella's  
brother—you know Ella wrote us he  
was prowling around for treasures  
and might drop in here any time."

Delorme talked awhile with Mrs.  
Bruce who drove on to the house af-  
ter obtaining his willing promise to  
remain a few days. When the car-  
riage had disappeared around the  
corner toward the barn, Delorme  
truned to look at Claudia.

That young lady was standing by  
the tray rather nervously uncorking  
the root beer bottle. As she poured  
some of the foaming brown liquid into  
the crystal tumbler the neck of the  
bottle struck the glass and there  
sounded a deep, musical bell note.

"That's my great-grandfather's to-  
day glass—pure rock crystal," she said  
hastily. "It's a real treasure."

Harry Delorme had no eyes for the  
toddy glass though yesterday he  
might have coveted it.

There was only one thing he want-  
ed to look at and that was her lovely  
face, charming in its swift changes  
from mischievous delight to girlish  
demureness. But her eyes could not  
meet his though somehow she knew  
that the sun was shining on his ruddy  
brown hair—so like Ella Delorme's  
only growing stiffly short.

"And this is a Lafayette platter,"  
he said hastily for the silence was  
becoming ominous. "And you will be  
delighted to learn that we have an  
apostle pitcher and—"

"Never mind all that, Miss Claudia,"  
said Harry Delorme.

"Why, I thought you were crazy  
about old china," protested Claudia  
whirling about to face him.

"I used to be," returned Harry  
calmly; "but I've found a new and  
most fascinating study, Miss Claudia  
—and because you have deceived me,  
I'm going to say one thing to punish  
you."

"And that is?" she asked with  
crimson cheeks and shy eyes.

"That is—I'm glad that you are  
not thirteen," he said abruptly, for he  
knew that he had found the treasure  
he had been so long seeking.  
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News-  
paper Syndicate.)

## Not Equal to It.

Provincial Parvenu (dining in Lon-  
don)—A good, long menu, waiter; but  
I dare say I'll be able to manage it.  
Waiter—Pardon me, sir, but the me-  
nu's on the other side. That is the  
laid program.—Bystander.

## Stopped Those Pains.

Copper Hill, Va.—Mrs. Ida Con-  
ner, of this place, says: "For years,  
I had a pain in my right side, and  
was very sick with womanly troubles.  
I tried different doctors but could  
get no relief. I had given up all  
hope of ever getting well. I took  
Cardui, and it relieved the pain in  
my side, and now I feel like a new  
person. It is a wonderful medi-  
cine." Many women are completely  
worn out and discouraged on ac-  
count of some womanly trouble.  
Are you? Take Cardui, the woman's  
toric. Its record shows that it will  
help you. Why wait? Try it to-  
day. Ask your druggist about it.  
Advertisement.

## LITTLE VIOLET WAS FOUNDED

Precocious Young Miss Didn't Like to  
Patronize Her Hostess, but  
Couldn't Help It.

Violet Jennie was a little girl who  
originated in a foundling asylum.

A visitor who had a habit of visit-  
ing took a great fancy to V. J. This  
visitor had a girl of her own whose  
name was Frances, and permission  
was asked for V. J. to take tea with  
Frances.

Frances was having a birthday that  
day. So Violet (for short) wanted to  
be very nice, but she felt that she had  
an advantage over Frances, since not  
every girl can be an inmate of a found-  
ling hospital. Violet Jennie tried not  
to patronize Frances, but she could  
hardly help it.

"This is your birthday, isn't it?"  
she said sweetly. "So you were  
born."

"Why of course, everybody is born."  
"In your set, I suppose. That's  
what makes it so common to be born.  
I wasn't, you know. I was founded!  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Safest Laxative for Women.

Nearly every woman needs a good  
laxative. Dr. King's New Life Pills  
are good because they are prompt,  
safe, and do not cause pain. Mrs.  
M. C. Dunlap of Leadhill, Tenn. says:  
"Dr. King's New Life Pills helped her  
troubles greatly." Get a box to-  
day. Price, 25c. Recommended by  
all druggists.  
Advertisement.

## Bridget's Guess.

Bridget, who had administered the  
culinary affairs of the Morse house-  
hold for many years, was sometimes  
torn between her devotion to her  
mistress and loyalty to the small son  
of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a  
tone of wonder, after an inspection  
of the store-room, "where have those  
splendid red apples gone that the  
man brought yesterday—those four  
big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor  
Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but  
I'm thinking if you were to find out  
where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is,  
likely them four red apples would be  
lyn' right on top of it, an' I'm only  
hopin' his little inside can stand the  
strain."

"I suffered habitually from con-  
stipation. Doan's Regulets relieved  
and strengthened the bowels so that  
they have been regular ever since."  
—F. Davis, Grocer, Sulphur Springs,  
Texas.  
Advertisement.

## Electrify the Pupils.

They are using electricity in pri-  
mary school education in Stockholm.  
Just how it is used does not appear,  
but we are told that the "classroom  
is subjected to electricity." And re-  
cords are being kept to ascertain wheth-  
er the electrically trained youngsters  
acquire the three Rs with greater pre-  
cision and dispatch than those that are  
being brought up on sunlight, common  
sense and the rod.

For any itchininess of the skin, for  
skin rashes, chap, pimples, etc., try  
Doan's Ointment. 50c at all drug  
stores.  
Advertisement.

## Dead From a Thorn Thrust.

A thorn of her favorite rose pun-  
cturing her finger while she stretched  
forth her hand to pluck it for a friend's  
bouquet, caused the death of Miss  
Susan Reichart at Greenport, N. Y.  
Several doctors united in trying to  
cure the blood poisoning that resulted  
from the piercing wound, but their  
efforts were unavailing.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr.  
Thomas' Electric Oil. For burns,  
scalds, cuts and emergencies. All  
druggists sell it. 25c and 50c.  
Advertisement.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Life of the Silver Fir.  
Silver firs sometimes live 425  
years.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning  
Apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR.  
PORTER'S ANTI-SEPTIC HEALING OIL, a sur-  
gical dressing that relieves pain and heals at  
the same time. Not a liniment. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

## FAIR DATES

Bowling Green, Warren county,  
Sept. 24-28.  
Elkton, Todd county, Oct. 2-5.  
Falmouth, Pendleton county, Sept.  
10-14.  
Glasgow, Barren county, Oct. 1-5.  
Hopkinsville, Christian county,  
Oct. 7-11.  
Horse Cave, Hart county,  
24-28.  
Mayfield, Graves county, Oct. 8-12.  
Morgantown, Butler county, Sept.  
11-17.  
Monticello, Wayne county, Sept.  
9-13.  
Murray, Calloway county, Oct. 1-5.  
Paducah, McCracken county, Sept.  
30-Oct. 3.  
Scottsville, Allen county, Sept. 18-  
21.

## Do You Fear Consumption?

No matter how chronic your cough  
or how severe your throat or lung  
ailment is, Dr. King's New Discovery  
will surely help you; it may save your  
life. Stillman Green, of Malichite,  
Col., writes: "Two doctors said I had  
consumption and could not live two  
years. I used Dr. King's New Dis-  
covery and am alive and well." Your  
money refunded if it fails to benefit  
you. The best home remedy for  
coughs, colds, throat and lung trou-  
bles. Price 50 c. and \$1.00. Guar-  
anteed by all druggists.  
Advertisement.

## Trouble at the Crossin'.

"Hullo, Cyrus. How's things over  
to th' crossin'?"  
"Pretty dubious. We got a race  
war on."  
"No!"  
"Yep. Couple o' Swedes from Wis-  
consin started a market garden on  
th' north road."  
"Well?"  
"Th' board o' selectmen held a  
meetin' right away an' passed a anty-  
alien act."  
"Well, well!"  
"Yep. Peleg Brown has writ to Gov  
Johnson of California, askin' how  
to enforce it. An' everybody in  
town is wonderin'."  
"Wonderin' what?"  
"Ef Sweden is goin' to declare war."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Where He Got It.

The honest farmer who took in sum-  
mer boarders greeted the new arrivals  
with truly rural enthusiasm.  
"I swan, I'm right down glad to  
meet ye," he cried, as he extended  
his horny hand. "Heow's th' folks to  
hum?"  
"The man of the party looked like  
an enthusiast with some suspicion."  
"Farmer," he said, "your dialect  
strongly reminds me of the stage va-  
riety."  
The agriculturist grinned.  
"It's all right, ain't it?" he asked.  
"I gave an actor feller a  
month's board free to teach it to  
me."

## Strengthen Weak Kidneys.

Don't suffer longer with weak kid-  
neys. You can get prompt relief by  
taking Electric Bitters, that wonder-  
ful remedy praised by women every-  
where. Start with a bottle to-day,  
you will soon feel like a new woman  
with ambition to work, without fear  
of pain. Mr. John Dowling of San  
Francisco, writes: "Gratitude for  
the wonderful effect of Electric Bit-  
ters prompts me to write. It cured  
my wife when all else failed." Good  
for the liver as well. Nothing bet-  
ter for indigestion or biliousness.  
Price, 50c. and \$1.00 at drug stores.  
Advertisement.

## TIT FOR TAT.



The Doctor's Wife—The ice man just  
telephoned for you. He wants you to  
come right around and see his boy.  
The Doctor—Fine! Here's where I  
get even.

## Knew What She Wanted.

Frances had been studying the Wag-  
ner motifs with her mother, and her  
powers of appreciation exceeded her  
powers of expression. One day  
she placed the Wagner book in position  
and implored mamma: "Dearest, let's  
go to the piano and have the rum-  
bles."

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA